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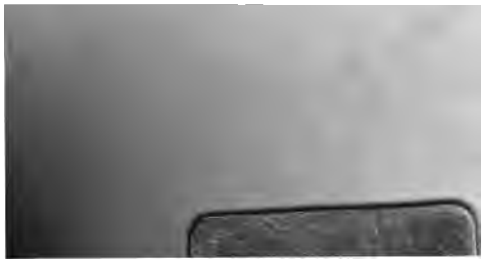
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IOANNES SECVNDVS.

Talis Ioannes oculis erat & ore Secundus,
Festinans quantam claudere Olympiadem;
Prævenit cita mors. at docti dextra Scorelli
Quam dederat, vitam lædere non potuit.

Petr. Merula fecit

THE BASIA OF JOANNES SECUNDUS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

TO WHICH IS ADDED

The EPITHALAMIUM

WITH THE ENGLISH VERSION OF

GEORGE OGLE

EDITED WITH A PREFATORY MEMOIR

BY

WALLACE RICE

CHICAGO
THE CHARLES T. POWNER CO.
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1916

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INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR



UT of the sombre writings of the dying Middle Ages and blither notes of the budding Renaissance in Teutonic Europe, a single tune rises and swells bird-like from the throat of Joannes Secundus Nicolaïus (in English, John Nichols, 2d). A score of contemporary singers of his own nation are forgotten, the only one besides himself who is still remembered, Joannes Jovianus Pontanus, owing his shadowy fame to the fact that he is thought to have been the master of his greater pupil. What it is that has preserved the reputation of this classical scholar and diplomatist can be seen in the translations here subjoined, an ardency of sentiment, a vividness of phrase, a buoyancy of spirit, a delicacy of epithet, combining to make his Latin measures excellent poetry even when poured from the cup of one language to another.

Joannes Secundus was born at The Hague on the tenth day of November, 1511, on the very day Martin Luther was celebrating his twenty-eighth birth anniversary in the city of Rome, and there acquiring the knowledge of realities which led soon after to his protest and revolt. By coincidence, the day of the birth of these two men of note is also that which brought Oliver Goldsmith (1728) and Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller (1759) in the world

they have so adorned, making a quartette not easily to be forgotten. Of them all, the Dutch poet came of the most distinguished family. His father was Nicolaus Everardus (in English, Nicholas Evarts), a civil lawyer of such attainments that he became the favourite of the Emperor Charles V., and his mother Eliza Bladella, a woman of many accomplishments and virtues, duly transmitted to no less than five of her sons and daughters.

Nicolaus Everardus held many distinguished positions during his life. Born at Middelburg, on the island of Walcheren, a part of the province of Zealand, thirty years before the discovery of America, he became, while yet a young man, the counsellor of the Emperor Maximilian, whose grandson and successor, the great Charles, continued his favour. He became a member of the Grand Parliament of Mechlin, was President of the States of Holland and Zealand, was long at The Hague in places of honour, and died at Mechlin in the seventieth year of his age, his more distinguished son surviving him a little more than four years.

Of the children of this worthy couple, the eldest, Petrus Nicolaïus (Peter Nichols), became a member of the order of Premonstrists, or White Canons, and was a doctor both of divinity and of the civil law; Everardus Nicolaius (Evert Nichols) attained the distinction of knighthood in the Order of the Golden Fleece, as a reward for his services as a member and President of the Grand Parliament of

Friesland and Mechlin; Nicolaus Nicolaïus, styled Gradus from his birth at Louvaine, was similarly honoured, having been treasurer of the province of Brabant and a Privy Counsellor; Hadrianus Marius Nicolaïus (Adrian Nichols) also attained knighthood and a seat in the Privy Council, and was chancellor of the province of Guelderland, holding state in the city of Zutphen, where Sir Philip Sydney was later to die "thirsting, a humbler need to slake;" and one of the daughters, at least, Isabella Nicolaïa, was a noted classical scholar in the cloister where her life was spent.

Joannes Secundus, his customary surname taken because of a paternal uncle of the same name, was born when The Hague was little more than a village, though it had long been a princely seat. Ferdinand was ruling in Spain, Isabella having died seven years before; Julius II. was Pope, to be succeeded within less than two years by Giovanni, second son of Lorenzo de' Medici, the Magnificent, as Leo X.; Lewis XII. was King of France, his cousin, Francis I., coming to the throne four years later; Henry VIII. was in the third year of his reign and the twenty-first of his age, Thomas Cromwell — Wolsey's and Shakespeare's Cromwell — being a wool merchant in that Middelburg which Everardus had recently quitted. It was a time of change in all the European world. Wynkin de Worde was continuing the work of Caxton in Fleet Street, and everywhere the printing-press was carrying on the work of enlightenment. Margaret of Navarre was composing the

Heptameron, Rabelais silent in his convent of Cordeliers at Fontenay-le-Comte, Erasmus introducing Greek learning in England with the aid of Sir Thomas More, Loyola still a mere soldier; while Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo, were at the summit of their power. It was a time worth being born in.

Joannes Secundus exhibited the precocity of genius, and when ten years old was already a painter, sculptor, and poet. His youth was spent at Mechlin, and his education was superb. When he came to his twenty-first year he was sent to Bourges to obtain his degrees in the civil and canon law, studying under Andreas Alciatus, himself a poet of no small rank in those days, his "Emblems" being still extant. Upon the return of the youthful scholar with academic honours thick upon him to Mechlin in 1533, he found the faithless Julia, to whom his first book of Elegies was dedicated, wedded to another. Venerilla was taken in her place; but his career was still before him, and he bade farewell to Holland, family influence obtaining for him the post of secretary to his Eminence Joannes Tavera, Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo. Here Venerilla was forgotten for Neæra, a Spanish beauty who inspired The Basia, this masterpiece being inscribed to her. The passion and devotion in its measures may well have been derived from the almost tropical beauty which is the birthright of the ardent women of New Castile.

In 1535, Joannes accompanied his imperial master,

Cnarles V., to Tunis, where war was waging against Barbarossa, a pestiferous pirate. But there were no promptings to write of battle from this, and a severe attack of fever the year previous had unfitted him for life in the field, albeit he had been a volunteer for the expedition. Upon his return to Toledo, he was sent as ambassador from his patron, the archbishop, to congratulate the Pontiff, Paul III., Alessandro Farnese, upon his accession to the throne of St. Peter. Stricken by fever again, the young man was unable to complete his journey, and thereupon left the heated south for the more congenial climate of Utrecht, where he was given the secretaryship under the Right Reverend Georgius Egmundus, bishop of that diocese. Meanwhile the fame of the young man as a poet had reached high places, and this, with his approved capacity for business, caused the First Prothonotary of the Empire to send for him. The offer was a flattering one, being nothing less than the personal charge of the Latin letters of the great emperor himself. Joannes had commended himself to the Catholic party by his epitaph upon Sir Thomas More, executed in July, 1535, at London, for refusing to renounce his obedience to the Pope, and nothing could have been more promising than his prospects at that time.

But it was necessary that Joannes should confer with the Bishop of Utrecht, and to that end he went to Tournay, in Hainault, where his patron was Abbot of the Benedictine monastery. Here the third attack of fever seized him, and

here he died on the eighth day of October, 1536. He was buried in the abbey church, and the following epitaph inscribed over his tomb:

IOANNI HAGENSI
SECRETARIO REVERENDISS.
DOMINI TRAIECTENSIS ET
ABBATIÆ HVIVS PRÆLATI
FRATRES ET SORORES POSVERE
OBIIT A. CIↃIↃXXXVI
VIII KAL. OCTOB.

Furious days were soon upon the world, and the slight tribute to the poet dead in his first flush of youth was not permitted to go unviolated by the enemies of the faith in which he was born. Destroyed in the civil wars which gave the Low Countries so many an evil year, the epitaph was restored later by the pious order of the Abbot Carolus de Par, to read as follows:

IOANNI SECVNDO HAGIENSI
POETÆ CELEBERRIMO ET NVLLI SECVNDO
CVIVS TVMVLVM HÆRETICORVM FVRORE
ANNO CIↃIↃLXVI VIOLATVM CAROLVS DE
PAR ABBAS OB TANTI VIRI MEMORIAM
RESTAVRARI C.
OBIIT CIↃIↃXXVI KALEND. OCTOB.
A SECRETIS GEORGII EGMONTANI
TRAIECTENS. EPISCOPI HVIVS LOCI PRO-
ABBATIS

Within this life which did not round out its twenty-fifth year there was much accomplished. With the fame of Joannes Secundus are bound up a number of separate works, including three volumes of Elegies, two of Epistles, one each of Odes, Epigrams, Epitaphs, and Songs, besides a volume of verse by his brothers. These were edited by Scriverus, and published in octavo first in 1619. The second edition, a duodecimo, of 1631, is, as in so many cases, the best edition; another duodecimo following twenty years later. The finest and most valuable book concerning his work was published in Paris by Dorat, with the Latin partly translated and partly adapted into French, the whole so beautifully embellished with illustrations and engravings that it became a bibliographical treasure immediately upon its appearance, is held in the highest estimation at the present time, and is to be obtained, if at all, with the greatest difficulty.

In English it appears to have been Thomas Stanley, author of "Lives of the Philosophers," who first thought the works of Joannes Secundus worthy translation into the vernacular. A portion of The Basia was included by him with translations from Anacreon, Bion, and Moschus — a grouping significant of the esteem in which the work of the later Latinist was regarded, placing it on an apparent level with that of the three greater Greeks. It is worth while transcribing Stanley's version of the fourth Basium, to show his rendering:

"'Tis no Kiss my Fair bestows,
Nectar 'tis whence new Life flows;
All the Sweets which nimble Bees
In their ozier Treasuries
With unequalled Art repose,
In one Kiss her Lips disclose.
These, if many I should take,
Soon would me immortal make,
Rais'd to the divine Abodes
And the Banquets of the Gods.

"Be not, then, too lavish, Fair!
But this heav'nly Treasure spare,
'Less thou'lt too immortal be:
For without thy Companie,
What to me are the Abodes
Or the Banquets of the Gods?"

In 1731, certain partial translations of The Basia having appeared from the hands, respectively, of Messrs. Fenton and Ward, Bernard Lintott published an anonymous translation of The Basia complete, which is now known to be from the hand of George Ogle, who died in 1746 in the forty-third year of his age. The quality of this is abundantly shown by the Epithalamium done by him, translating that of Joannes Secundus, and here included. This was followed in 1775 by another translation of The Basia and certain other works of Joannes, also anonymous. This

reached a third edition in 1778, being embellished by a fine copperplate engraving of Artemis and Endymion, a portrait of Joannes, both by Bartolozzi, a rubricated title-page, and printed for J. Bew in Paternoster Row. It is from this that The Basia complete are transcribed here, the original Latin which was published on the opposite pages of this hardly obtainable edition being omitted.

It is not now needful to descant upon the literary quality of such work. Scholars in every century since the lamentable death of the young poet have borne brave testimony to a worth which cannot be concealed even in translation. It is of his writings that the learned Frenchman said "Le style plein, elegant, et tendre dans tous ses ouvrages," and something more than echoes of this high praise are abundant in English. The treatment of the subject is that of the poet's time, a period in which literary conventions were not so strict. This may be seen in a lyric by Shakespeare, the second stanza of which was added by Fletcher, treating of a similar topic and published almost a century later:

"Take, O take those Lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those Eyes, the Break of Day,
Lights that do outshine the Morn;
But my Kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, but seal'd in Vain!

"Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Bosom bears;
On whose Tops the Pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But my poor Heart first set free,
Bound in icy Chains by Thee!"

Ben Jonson's beautiful "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" is too well known to require quotation, and bears out the theory, if one were needed, that to sing of kisses is to imply kissing, and in them the whole of passionate love. It is said that there are peoples in the world who do not know the practice; but it is notable that all of them lag behind in the pageant of progress. Even if they were to take the vanguard, it is safe to say that so long as one country still lives up to its osculatory advantages, The Basia will be known and admired.

WALLACE RICE.

WOODLAWN PARK, ILLINOIS,
May 8, 1901.

THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

AN attempt to transfer unblemished into the English language the numberless beauties with which the "Basia" of Secundus abound must be reckoned daring indeed; an attempt in which I am not vain enough to suppose I have succeeded: all I can hope to have effected by this weak effort of my pen, is, to have drawn a deserving author from that oblivion in which he has been so long buried. And it were to be wished that what I have done might prove an incentive to some other person, whose abilities may render him more capable, and whose occupations in life may better permit him, to do that justice to Secundus which mine will not, by giving the world a more elegant translation of this singular and truly beautiful part of his works, or of some other part, as his fancy may lead him.

For my versification I submit it to the candour of the reader; it was begun as a mere matter of amusement, nor had I any intention of publishing it, till I found that I had imperceptibly finished the whole of the "Basia;" when considering how little this author was known, yet how much he merited attention, I was tempted to offer to the world my translation of his "Kisses," indifferent as it may be.

It remains that I should make some apology for the pieces added at the end of this work. It is true they can-

not boast all the beauties of Secundus; yet they are pretty enough, and may please some of those who take a delight in poems of this nature; but even if we allow them only a scanty share of merit, we must at least allow them the advantage of serving as a foil to the superior excellence of the Dutch poet.

EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAM

OF

JOANNES SECUNDUS

UPON HIS BOOK OF

KISSES

LYCINNA scorns my kisses; they are chaste!
Enerv'd I seem in her experienc'd taste:
And Ælia calls me, "Bard with languid strings:"
She that to love in streets her off'rings brings.
Perhaps, my utmost strength they seek to know!
And vigour prove!—Go, hateful wantons, go!
My strength, my vigour, long despair to find;
For you these kisses never were design'd;
Never for you were these soft measures wrought:
Read me, ye tender brides of boys untaught!
Read me, of brides untaught ye tender boys!
Yet new to Venus' sweetly-varying joys!

EPIGRAM

OF

JOANNES SECUNDUS

TO THE

GRAMMARIANS

Why he writes wantonly



HY thus I sport in wanton-measur'd strains;
Why love, in ev'ry verse, luxuriant reigns:
To fright dull pedants, learnedly unbred,
And scholiasts banish, unpolitely read.
Shou'd I my voice to mighty Cæsar raise;
Or tempt, of saint-like men, the sacred praise:
What notes (oppressive weight!) must I endure;
What comments, obvious readings to obscure?
Expos'd alas! to what unletter'd strains?
To boys the certain cause of future pains?

EPIGRAM

But while on kisses I employ my song;
Kisses! or moist or dry, or short or long;
Me, summon the unmarried youth to aid!
Me, bent on joy, the newly married maid!
Me, the gay bard, whom lighter studies please;
Wisely indulging in delicious ease!
But from these sports, ye savage herd, abstain!
These never with unhallow'd hands profane!
Nor turn to grief what we to mirth design!
Lest, punish'd for some soft perverted line,
Wrong'd innocence, with tears unjustly shed,
"Wish the cold earth lie heavy on the dead."

THE

KISSES

OF

JOANNES SECUNDUS

KISSES

KISSES

KISS I

WHEN young Ascanius, by the queen of love,
Was borne to sweet Cythera's lofty grove,
His languid limbs upon a couch she laid,
A fragrant couch! of new-blown vi'lets made;
The blissful bow'r with shadowing roses crown'd,
And balmy-breathing airs diffus'd around.

The sleeping youth in silence she admir'd;
And, with remembrance of Adonis fir'd,
Strong and more strong her wonted flames return'd
Thrill'd in each vein, and in her bosom burn'd
How oft she wish'd, as she survey'd his charms,
Around his neck to throw her eager arms!

Oft would she say, admiring ev'ry grace,
"Such was Adonis! such his lovely face!"
But fearing lest this fond excess of joy
Might break the slumber of the beauteous boy,
On ev'ry rosebud that around him blow'd
A thousand nectar'd kisses she bestowed;
And straight each op'ning bud, which late was white,
Blush'd a warm crimson to th' astonish'd sight:
Still in Dione's breast soft wishes rise,
Soft wishes! vented with soft-whisper'd sighs!
Thus, by her lips unnumber'd roses press'd,
Kisses, unfolding in sweet bloom, confess'd;
And, flush'd with rapture at each new-born kiss,
She felt her swelling soul o'erwhelm'd in bliss.

Now round this orb, soft-floating on the air,
The beauteous goddess speeds her radiant car:
As in gay pomp the harness'd cygnets fly,
Their snow-white pinions glitter thro' the sky;
And like Triptolemus, whose bounteous hand
Strew'd golden plenty o'er the fertile land,
Fair Cytherea, as she flew along,

KISS I

O'er the vast lap of Nature kisses flung:
Pleas'd from on high she view'd th' enchanted ground,
And from her lips thrice fell a magic sound:
He gave to mortals corn on ev'ry plain;
But she those sweets which mitigate my pain.

'Hail, then, ye kisses! that can best assuage
The pangs of love, and soften all its rage!
Ye balmy kisses! that from roses sprung;
Roses! on which the lips of Venus hung.
Lo! I'm the bard, while o'er Pierian shades
The tuneful mountain rears its sacred heads,
While whisp'ring verdures skirt the laurell'd spring,
Whose fond, impassion'd muse of you shall sing;
And Love, enraptur'd with the Latian name,
With that dear race from which your lineage came,
In Latian strains shall celebrate your praise,
And tell your high descent to future days.

KISS II


S round some neighb'ring elm the vine
Its am'rous tendrils loves to twine;
As round the oak, in many a maze,
The ivy flings its gadding sprays:
Thus! let me to your snowy breast,
My dear Neæra! thus be prest;
While I as fondly in my arms,
Neæra! clasp thy yielding charms;
And, with one long, long kiss, improve
Our mutual ecstasies of love.

Should Ceres pour her plenteous hoard,
Should Bacchus crown the festive board,
Should balmy sleep luxurious spread
His downy pinions o'er my head;
Yet not for these my joys I'd break,
For these! thy vermil lips forsake.
At length, when ruthless age denies
A longer bliss, and seals our eyes,
One bark shall waft our spirits o'er,
United, to the Stygian shore:
Then, passing thro' a transient night,

We'll enter soon those fields of light,
Where, breathing richest odours round,
A spring eternal paints the ground;
Where heroes once in valour prov'd,
And beauteous heroines once belov'd,
Again with mutual passion burn,
Feel all their wonted flames return;
And now in sportive measures tread
The flow'ry carpet of the mead;
Now sing the jocund, tuneful tale
Alternate in the myrtle vale;
Where ceaseless zephyrs fan the glade,
Soft-murm'ring thro' the laurel-shade;
Beneath whose waving foliage grow
The vi'let sweet of purple glow,
The daffodil that breathes perfume,
And roses of immortal bloom;
Where earth her fruits spontaneous yields,
Nor ploughshare cuts th' unfurrow'd fields.

Soon as we enter these abodes
Of happy souls, of demi-gods,

KISS II

The blest shall all respectful rise,
And view us with admiring eyes;
Shall seat us 'mid th' immortal throng,
Where I, renown'd for tender song,
Shall gain with Homer equal praise,
And share with him poetic bays;
While thou, enthron'd above the rest,
Wilt shine in beauty's train confest:
Nor shall the mistresses of Jove
Such partial honours disapprove;
E'en Helen, tho' of race divine,
Will to thy charms her rank resign.

KISS III

"ONE kiss, enchanting maid!" I
cry'd;—
One little kiss! and then adieu!
Your lips, with luscious crimson
dyed,
To mine with trembling rapture
flew:

But quick those lips my lips forsake,
With wanton, tantalising jest;
So starts some rustic from the snake
Beneath his heedless footstep prest:

Is this to grant the wish'd-for kiss?—
Ah, no, my love!—'tis but to fire
The bosom with a transient bliss,
Enflaming unallay'd desire.

KISS IV

'TIS not a kiss you give, my love!
'Tis richest nectar from above!
A fragrant show'r of balmy dews,
Which thy sweet lips alone diffuse!
'Tis ev'ry aromatic breeze
That wafts from Afric's spicy trees!
'Tis honey from the osier hive,
Which chymist bees with care derive
From all the newly-open'd flow'rs
That bloom in Cecrops' roseate bow'rs,
Or from the breathing sweets that grow
On fam'd Hymettus' thymy brow:
But if such kisses you bestow,
If from your lips such raptures flow,
Thus blest! supremely blest by thee!
Ere long I must immortal be;
Must taste on earth those joys that wait
The banquets of celestial state.
Then cease thy bounty, dearest fair!
Such precious gifts, then, spare! oh spare!
Or, if I must immortal prove,
Be thou immortal, too, my love!

KISS IV

For, should the heav'nly pow'rs request
My presence at th' ambrosial feast;
Nay, should they Jove himself dethrone,
And yield to me his radiant crown;
I'd scorn it all, nor would I deign
O'er golden realms of bliss to reign;
Jove's radiant crown I'd scorn to wear,
Unless thou mightst such honours share;
Unless thou, too, with equal sway,
Mightst rule with me the realms of day.

KISS V

WHILE you, Neæra, close entwine
In frequent folds your frame with mine;
And hanging o'er, to view confest,
Your neck, and gently-heaving breast;
Down on my shoulders soft decline
Your beauties more than half divine;
With wand'ring looks that o'er me rove,
And fire the melting soul with love:

While you, Neæra, fondly join
Your little pouting lips with mine,
And frolic bite your am'rous swain,
Complaining soft if bit again;
And sweetly-murm'ring pour along
The trembling accents of your tongue,
Your tongue! now here now there that strays,
Now here now there delighted plays;
That now my humid kisses sips,
Now wanton darts between my lips;
And on my bosom raptur'd lie,
Venting the gently-whisper'd sigh;

KISS V

A sigh! that kindles warm desires,
And kindly fans life's drooping fires;
Soft as the zephyr's breezy wing,
And balmy as the breath of spring:

While you, sweet nymph! with am'rous play,
In kisses suck my breath away;
My breath! with wasting warmth replete,
Parch'd by my breast's contagious heat;
Till, breathing soft, you pour again
Returning life thro' ev'ry vein;
And thus elude my passion's rage,
Love's burning fever thus assuage:
Sweet nymph! whose sweets can best allay
Those fires that on my bosom prey;
Sweet as the cool refreshing gale
That blows when scorching heats prevail!

Then, more than blest, I fondly swear,
"No pow'r can with love's pow'r compare!

KISS V

None in the starry court of Jove
Is greater than the god of love!
If any can yet greater be,
Yes, my Neæra! yes 'tis thee!"

KISS VI



WO thousand kisses of the sweetest kind,
'Twas once agreed, our mutual love should bind;
First from my lips a rapt'rous thousand flow'd,
Then you a thousand in your turn bestow'd;
The promis'd numbers were fulfill'd, I own,
But love suffic'd with numbers ne'er was known!
What mortal strives to count each springing blade,
That spreads the surface of a grassy mead?
Who prays for number'd ears of rip'ning grain,
When lavish Ceres yellows o'er the plain?
Or to a scanty hundred wou'd confine
The clust'ring grapes, when Bacchus loads the vine?
Who asks the guardian of the honied store
To grant a thousand bees, and grant no more?
Or tells the drops, while o'er some thirsty field
The liquid stores are from above distill'd?
When Jove with fury hurls the moulded hail,
And earth and sea destructive storms assail,
Or when he bids, from his tempestuous sky,

KISS VI

The winds unchain'd with wasting horror fly,
The god ne'er heeds what harvests he may spoil,
Nor yet regards each desolated soil:
So, when its blessings bounteous Heav'n ordains,
It ne'er with sparing hand the good restrains;
Evils in like abundance, too, it show'rs;
Well suits profusion with immortal pow'rs!
Then since such gifts with heav'nly minds agree,
Shed, goddess-like, your blandishments on me;
And say, Neæra! for that form divine
Speaks thee descended of ætherial line;
Say, goddess! than that goddess lovelier far
Who roams o'er ocean in her pearly car;
Your kisses, boons celestial! why withhold?
Or why by scanty numbers are they told?
Still you ne'er count, hard-hearted maid! those sighs
Which in my lab'ring breast incessant rise;
Nor yet those lucid drops of tender woe,
Which down my cheeks in quick succession flow.
Yes, dearest life! your kisses number all;
And number, too, my sorrowing tears that fall:

KISS VI

Or, if you count not all the tears, my fair!
To count the kisses sure you must forbear.
But let thy lips now soothe a lover's pain;
(Yet griefs like mine what soothings shall restrain!)
If tears unnumber'd pity can regard,
Unnumber'd kisses must each tear reward.

KISS VII

ISSES told by hundreds o'er!
Thousands told by thousands more
Millions! countless millions! then,
Told by millions o'er again!
Countless! as the drops that glide
In the ocean's billowy tide,
Countless! as yon orbs of light
Spangled o'er the vault of night,
I'll with ceaseless love bestow
On those cheeks of crimson glow,
On those lips of gentle swell,
On those eyes where raptures dwell.

But when circled in thy arms,
As I'm panting o'er thy charms,
O'er thy cheeks of rosy bloom,
O'er thy lips that breathe perfume,
O'er thine eyes so sweetly-bright,
Shedding soft-expressive light,
Then, nor cheeks of rosy bloom,
Nor thy lips that breathe perfume,

KISS VII

Nor thine eyes, expressive light,
Bless thy lover's envious sight;
Nor that soothing smile, which cheers
All his tender hopes and fears:
For, as radiant Phœbus streams
O'er the globe with placid beams,
Whirling thro' th' ætherial way
The fiery-axled car of day,
And from the tempestuous sky,
While the rapid coursers fly,
All the stormy clouds are driv'n,
Which deform'd the face of heav'n;
So, thy golden smile, my fair!
Chases ev'ry am'rous care;
Dries the torrents of mine eyes,
Calms my fond, tumultuous sighs.

Oh! how emulous the strife
'Twixt my lips and eyes, sweet life!
Of thy charms are these possest,
Those are envious till they're blest:

KISS VII

Think not, then, that, in my love,
I'll be rivall'd e'en by Jove,
When such jealous conflicts rise
'Twixt my very lips and eyes.

KISS VIII

AH! what ungovern'd rage, declare,
Neæra, too capricious fair!
What unreveng'd, unguarded wrong,
Could urge thee thus to wound my tongue?

Perhaps you deem th' afflictive pains
Too trifling, which my heart sustains;
Nor think enough my bosom smarts
With all the sure, destructive darts
Incessant sped from ev'ry charm;
That thus your wanton teeth must harm,
Must harm that little tuneful thing,
Which wont so oft thy praise to sing;
What time the morn has streak'd the skies,
Or ev'ning's faded radiance dies;
Thro' painful days consuming-slow,
Thro' ling'ring nights of am'rous woe.

This tongue, thou know'st, has oft extoll'd
Thy hair in shining ringlets roll'd,
Thine eyes with tender passion bright,

KISS VIII

Thy swelling breast of purest white,
Thy taper neck of polish'd grace,
And all the beauties of thy face,
Beyond the lucid orbs above,
Beyond the starry throne of Jove;
Extoll'd them in such lofty lays!
That gods with envy heard the praise.

Oft has it call'd thee ev'ry name
Which boundless rapture taught to frame;
My life! my joy! my soul's desire!
All that my wish cou'd e'er require!
My pretty Venus! and my love!
My gentle turtle! and my dove!
Till Cypria's self with envy heard
Each partial, each endearing word.

Say, beauteous tyrant! dost delight
To wound this tongue in wanton spite?
Because, alas! too well aware
That ev'ry wrong it yet could bear
Ne'er urg'd it once in angry strain

KISS VIII

Of thy unkindness to complain;
But suff'ring patient all its harms,
Still wou'd it sing thy matchless charms!
Sing the soft lustre of thine eye!
Sing thy sweet lips of rosy dye!
Nay, still those guilty teeth 'twould sing!
Whence all its cruel mischiefs spring:
E'en now it lisps, in falt'ring lays,
While yet it bleeds, Neæra's praise:
Thus, beauteous tyrant! you control,
Thus sway my fond, enamour'd soul!

KISS IX

EASE thy sweet, thy balmy kisses;
Cease thy many-wreathed smiles;
Cease thy melting, murm'ring blisses;
Cease thy fond, bewitching wiles:

On my bosom soft-reclin'd,
Cease to pour thy tender joys:
Pleasure's limits are confin'd,
Pleasure oft-repeated cloys.

Sparingly your bounty use;
When I ask for kisses nine,
Sev'n at least you must refuse,
And let only two be mine:

Yet let these be neither long,
Nor delicious sweets respire!
But like those which virgins young
Artless give their aged sire:

Such! as, with a sister's love,
Beauteous Dian may bestow

KISS IX

On the radiant son of Jove,
Phœbus of the silver bow.

Tripping-light, with wanton grace,
Now my lips disorder'd fly,
And in some retired place
Hide thee from my searching eye:

Then in sportive, am'rous play,
Victor-like, I'll seize my love;
Seize thee! as the bird of prey
Pounces on a trembling dove.

Each recess I'll traverse o'er,
Where I think thou liest conceal'd;
Ev ry covert I'll explore,
Till my wanton's all reveal'd.

Now your arms submissive-raising,
Round my neck those arms you'll throw;
Now sev'n kisses sweetly-pleasing
For your freedom you'll bestow:

KISS IX

But those venal sev'n are vain;—
 Sev'n-times-sev'n's the price, sweet maid!
Thou my pris'ner shalt remain,
 Till the balmy ransom's paid.

aying, then, the forfeit due,
 By thy much-lov'd beauties swear,
Faults like these you'll still pursue,
 Faults! which kisses can repair.

KISS X

IN various kisses various charms I find,
For changeful fancy loves each changeful kind:
Whene'er with mine thy humid lips unite,
Then humid kisses with their sweets delight;
From ardent lips so ardent kisses please,
For glowing transports often spring from these.
What joy! to kiss those eyes that wanton rove,
Then catch the glances of returning love;
Or clinging to the cheek of crimson glow,
The bosom, shoulder, or the neck of snow,
What pleasure! tender passion to assuage,
And see the traces of our am'rous rage
On the soft neck or blooming cheek exprest,
On the white shoulder, or still whiter breast.
'Twixt yielding lips, in ev'ry thrilling kiss,
To dart the trembling tongue—what matchless bliss!
Inhaling-sweet each other's mingling breath,
While love lies gasping in the arms of death!
While soul with soul in ecstasy unites,

KISS X

Intranc'd, impassion'd with the fond delights!
From thee receiv'd, or giv'n to thee, my love!
Alike to me those kisses grateful prove;
The kiss that's rapid, or prolong'd with art,
The fierce, the gentle, equal joys impart.
But mark; — be all my kisses, beauteous maid!
With diff'rent kisses from thy lips repaid;
Then varying raptures shall from either flow,
As varying kisses either shall bestow:
And let the first, who with an unchang'd kiss
Shall cease to thus diversify the bliss,
Observe, with looks in meek submission dress'd,
That law by which this forfeiture's express'd:
"As many kisses as each lover gave,
As each might in return again receive,
So many kisses, from the vanquish'd side,
The victor claims, so many ways applied."

KISS XI

OME think my kisses too luxurious told,
Kisses! they say, not known to sires of old:
But, while entranc'd on thy soft neck I lie,
And o'er thy lips in tender transport die,
Shall I then ask, dear life! perplex'd in vain,
Why rigid cynics censure thus my strain?
Ah, no! thy blandishments so rapt'rous prove,
That every ravish'd sense is lost in love;
Blest with those blandishments, divine I seem,
And all Elysium paints the blissful dream."
Neæra heard; — then, smiling, instant threw
Around my neck her arm of fairest hue;
And kiss'd me fonder, more voluptuous far,
Than beauty's queen e'er kiss'd the god of war:
"What! (cries the nymph,) and shall my am'rous bard
Pedantic wisdom's stern decree regard?
Thy cause must be at my tribunal tried
None but Neæra can the point decide."

KISS XII

ODEST matrons, maidens, say,
Why thus turn your looks away?
Frolic feats of lawless love,
Of the lustful pow'rs above;
Forms obscene, that shock the sight,
In my verse I ne'er recite;
Verse! where nought indecent reigns;
Guiltless are my tender strains;
Such as pedagogues austere
Might with strict decorum hear,
Might, with no licentious speech,
To their youth reproachless teach.
I, chaste vot'ry of the nine!
Kisses sing of chaste design:
Maids and matrons yet, with rage,
Frown upon my blameless page;
Frown, because some wanton word
Here and there by chance occurr'd,
Or the cheated fancy caught
Some obscure, tho' harmless thought.
Hence, ye prudish matrons! hence,
Squeamish maids devoid of sense!

KISS XII

And shall these in virtue dare
With my virtuous maid compare?
She! who in the bard will prize
What she'll in his lays despise;
Wantonness with love agrees,
But reserve in verse must please.

KISS XIII

ITH am'rous strife exanimate I lay,
Around your neck my languid arm I threw;
My trembling heart had just forgot to play,
Its vital spirit from my bosom flew:

The Stygian lake; the dreary realms below,
To which the sun a cheering beam denies;
Old Charon's boat, slow-wand'ring to and fro,
Promiscuous pass'd before my swimming eyes:

When you, Neæra! with your humid breath,
O'er my parch'd lips the deep-fetch'd kiss bestow'd;
Sudden, my fleeting soul return'd from death,
And freightless hence th' infernal pilot row'd.

Yet soft, — for, oh! my erring senses stray; —
Not quite unfreighted to the Stygian shore
Old Charon steer'd his lurid bark away,
My plaintive shade he to the Manes bore.

KISS XIII

Then since my soul can here no more remain,
A part of thine, sweet life! that loss supplies;
But what this feeble fabric must sustain,
If of thy soul that part its aid denies?

And much I fear: — for, struggling to be free,
Oft from its new abode it fain wou'd roam;
Oft seeks, impatient to return to thee,
Some secret pass to gain its native home.

Unless thy fost'ring breath retards its flight,
It now prepares to quit this falling frame;
Haste, then; to mine thy clingy lips unite,
And let one spirit feed each vital flame!

Till, after frequent ecstasies of bliss,
Mutual, unsating to th' impassion'd heart,
From bodies thus conjoin'd, in one long kiss,
That single life which nourish'd both shall part.

KISS XIV



HOSE tempting lips, of scarlet glow,
Why pout with fond, bewitching art?
For to those lips, Neæra! know,
My lips shall not one kiss impart.

Perhaps you'd have me greatly prize,
Hard-hearted fair! your precious kiss;
But learn, proud mortal! I despise
Such cold, such unimpassion'd bliss.

Think'st thou I calmly feel the flame
That all my rending bosom fires?
And patient bear, thro' all my frame,
The pangs of unallay'd desires?

Ah! no;—but turn not thus aside
Those tempting lips, of scarlet glow!
Nor yet avert, with angry pride,
Those eyes, from whence such raptures flow!

KISS XIV

Forgive the past, sweet-natur'd maid!
My kisses, love! are all thy own;
Then let my lips o'er thine be laid,
O'er thine! more soft than softest down!

KISS XV



H' Idalian boy, to pierce Neæra's heart,
Had bent his bow, had chose the fatal dart;
But when the child, in wonder lost, survey'd
That brow, o'er which your sunny tresses play'd!
Those cheeks, that blush'd the rose's warmest dye!
That streamy languish of your lucid eye!
That bosom, too, with matchless beauty bright!
Scarce Cypria's own could boast so pure a white!
Tho' mischief urg'd him first to wound my fair,
Yet partial fondness urg'd him now to spare;
But, doubting still, he linger'd to decide;
At length resolv'd, he flung the shaft aside:
Then rush'd impetuous to thy circling arms,
And hung voluptuous o'er thy heav'nly charms:
There, as the boy in wanton folds was laid,
His lips on thine in varied kisses play'd;
With ev'ry kiss he tried a thousand wiles;
A thousand gestures, and a thousand smiles;
Your inmost breast with Cyprian odours fill'd,

KISS XV

And all the myrtle's luscious scent instill'd:
Lastly, he swore by ev'ry pow'r above!
By Venus' self, the potent queen of love!
That thou, blest nymph! for ever shouldst remain
Exempt from am'rous care, from am'rous pain.
What wonder, then, such balmy sweets should flow
In ev'ry grateful kiss thy lips bestow!
What wonder, then, obdurate maid! you prove
Averse to all the tenderness of love!

KISS XVI

RIGHT as Venus' golden star!
And as silver Cynthia fair!
Nymph, with ev'ry charm replete!
Give an hundred kisses sweet;
Then as many kisses more
O'er my lips profusely pour,
As th' insatiate bard could want,
Or his bounteous Lesbia grant;
As the vagrant loves, that stray
On thy lip's nectareous way;
As the dimpling graces spread
On thy cheek's carnation'd bed;
As the deaths thy lovers die;
As the conquests of thine eye;
Or the cares, and fond delights,
Which its changeful beam incites;
As the hopes and fears we prove,
Or th' impassion'd sighs, in love;
As the shafts by Cupid sped,
Shafts! by which my heart has bled;
As the countless stores, that still
All his golden quiver fill.

KISS XVI

Whisper'd plaints, and wanton wiles;
Speeches soft, and soothing smiles;
Teeth-imprinted, tell-tale blisses;
Intermix with all thy kisses :
So, when Zephyr's breezy wing
Wafts the balmy breath of spring,
Turtles thus their loves repeat,
Fondly-billing, murm'ring-sweet;
While their trembling pinions tell
What delights their bosoms swell.

Now, when joys o'erwhelm thy mind,
On my glowing cheek reclin'd,
All around, in am'rous trance,
Let thine eyes voluptuous glance;
And, suffus'd with passion's flames,
Dart their sweetly-trembling gleams:
Then, soft-languishing, and sighing,
With delicious transport dying,
Say to thy officious swain,
"Now thy fainting fair sustain."

KISS XVI

In my fond, encircling arms
I'll receive thy melting charms;
While the long, life-teeming kiss
Shall recall thy soul to bliss:
And, as thus the vital store
From my humid lips I pour,
Till, exhausted with the play,
All my spirit wastes away;
Sudden, in my turn, I'll cry,
"Oh! support me, for I die."
To your fost'ring breast you'll hold me,
In your warm embrace enfold me;
While thy breath, in nectar'd gales,
O'er my sinking soul prevails;
While thy kisses sweet impart
Life, and rapture to the heart.

Thus, when youth is in its prime,
Let's enjoy the golden time;
For, when smiling youth is past,
Age these tender joys shall blast:

KISS XVI

Sickness, which our bloom impairs;
Slow-consuming, painful cares;
Death, with dire remorseless rage;
All attend the steps of age.

KISS XVII

OSES, refresh'd with nightly dew, display
New beauties blushing to the dawn of day;
So, by the kisses of a rapt'rous night,
Thy vermil lips at morn blush doubly bright;
And from thy face, that's exquisitely fair,
That vermil brightness seems more bright t' appear:
Deep-purpled vi'lets thus a deeper glow,
Held in some virgin's snowy hand, will show;
And early-rip'ning cherries thus assume,
'Mid the late blossoms, a superior bloom;
When spring and summer boast united pow'r,
At once producing both the fruit and flow'r.
But why, when most thy kisses fire my heart,
Why, from th' endearing transport must I part?
Oh! let that crimson on those lips remain
Till ev'ning brings me to thy arms again:
Yet should those lips ere then some rival bless,
Some youth whom thou in secret shalt caress;

KISS XVII

'Then may they cease for ever to disclose
That beauteous blush, which emulates the rose!
Then paler turn, than my pale cheek shall prove,
Whene'er I view this mark of faithless love!

KISS XVIII



HEN Cytherea first beheld
Those lips with ruby lustre bright,
Those lips! which, as they blushing swell'd,
Blush'd deeper from th' incircling white;

(So, when some artist's skill inlays
Coral mid iv'ry's paler hue,
That height'ning coral soon displays
A warmer crimson to the view;)

Then, urg'd by envy and by hate,
Which rising sighs and tears betray'd,
She call'd her wanton loves; — and strait
The wanton loves her call obey'd:

To whom the queen in plaintive strain; —
"Ah! what, my boys, avails it now,
That to these lips the Phrygian swain
Decreed the prize on Ida's brow?

KISS XVIII

"That prize! for which, elate with pride,
The martial maid contentious strove;
That prize! to Juno's self denied,
Tho' sister, tho' the wife of Jove:

"If, to pervert this swain's decree,
A poet's partial judgment dare
His mortal nymph prefer to me,
Her lips with lips divine compare!

"Swift, then, ye vengeful cupids, fly
With loaded quivers to the bard;
Let all the pangs ye can supply
His matchless insolence reward:

"Go, practise ev'ry cruel art
Revenge can frame, without delay;
His bosom pierce with ev'ry dart
Which love's soft poison may convey:

"But wound not with such darts the fair,
Her breast must ever cold remain;

KISS XVIII

Your shafts of lead lodge deeply there,
To freeze the current of each vein."

She spoke: — now more than usual fire
Consumes apace my melting soul;
And now, fierce torrents of desire
Tumultuous thro' my bosom roll:

While thou, whose icy heart betrays
No more concern than rocks that brave
The fury of Sicilian seas,
Or Adria's rudely-dashing wave,

Canst, in unfeeling scorn secure,
Mock all thy tortur'd lover's pain;
Who for fond praise is doom'd t' endure,
Ungrateful maid! thy cold disdain.

Yet why, proud wretch! you thus despise
You know not; — nor how fierce may prove
Th' ungovern'd anger of the skies,
The vengeance of the queen of love!

KISS XVIII

But, oh! no more pursue that scorn,
 Which ill-becomes each outward grace;
Sure, sweetest manners should adorn
 The nymph who boasts so sweet a face!

Then let thy lips to mine be prest.
 Those honied lips! which cause my care:
Imbibing from my inmost breast
 The latent poison rankling there:

And, as you thus partake the smart
 Of all my torture, — in your turn
You'll catch the flame that warms my heart,
 And soon with mutual passion burn.

But fear not thou the pow'rs divine,
 Fear not the potent queen of love!
Beauty, well-guarded maid! like thine
 Can sway th' imperial souls above.

KISS XIX



HY wing your flight, ye bees! from flow'r to flow'r?
Why, toiling thus, collect the luscious store
From blossom'd thyme empurpling all the ground?
From the rich anise breathing odours round?
Why sip the vernal vi'let's nectar'd dew?
Or spoil the fragrant rose of blushing hue?
Fly to the lips, ye wantons! of my fair;
And gather all your balmy treasures there;
Thence catch the fragrance of the blushing rose;
Thence sip that dew which from the vi'let flows;
Thence the rich odours of the anise steal;
And thence the blossom'd thyme's perfume inhale·
Lips! where those tears in genuine moisture dwell,
That from Narcissus self-enamour'd fell
Lips! deeply-ting'd with Hyacinthus' blood,
Which, with the tears in one commingled flood,
Impregnating the fertile womb of earth,
First gave the variegated flow'r its birth:

KISS XIX

Soon, by the nectar'd show'rs that Heav'n bestow'd,
With fanning gales, the motley offspring blow'd:
For drops of blood, lo! crimson streaks appear;
And streaks uncolour'd for each lucid tear.

But still, ye bees well-favoured! grateful prove;
Let no unkind refusals pay my love,
If e'er I claim (what's sure my rightful due)
To share those lips, those honied lips! with you
Nor suck insatiate all their balm away,
And to your bursting cells the sweets convey;
Lest, when to cool my fever'd lips I try,
Neæra's lips no cooling dews supply;
Then shall I justly reap the sad reward
Of what misguided confidence declar'd.

And, oh! to wound her tender lips forbear;
Or dread the fatal vengeance of the fair:
Tho' sharp your stings, her eyes can scatter round
Darts that with more tormenting stings may wound!

KISS XIX

Nor, as ye sip, inflict the slightest pain,
For unreveng'd the wrong will ne'er remain;
But gently gather, from those precious rills,
Th' ambrosial drops each humid lip distils

EPITHALAMIUM

THE EPITHALAMIUM

Translated by George Ogle



HE hour is come, with pleasure crowned,
Borne in eternal order round!
Hour, of endearing looks and smiles,
Hour, of voluptuous sports and wiles,
Hour, fraught with fondly-murmuring sighs,
Hour, blest with softly dying eyes,
Hour, with commingling kisses sweet.
Hour, of transporting bliss replete,
Hour, worthy ev'n of gods above,
Hour, worthy all-commanding Jove!
For not a fairer-omened hour
Could promise the kind Cnidian power;
Not tender Cupid could bestow,
The boy with silver-splendid bow
And golden wing, delicious boy,
That sorrow still allays with joy;

Nor, wont at nuptials to preside,
She that of Jove is sister-bride;
Nor he, on tuneful summit born,
The god whom flowery wreaths adorn,
Who blooming beauty tears away,
Bears off by force the charming prey;
From the reluctant mother tears,
To the rapacious lover bears.
Hour long desired! hour long delayed!
Thrice happy youth! thrice happy maid!

Thrice happy youth, supremely blest,
Of every wish in one possest!
To thee, the maid of form divine
Comes seeming loath, but inly thine:
Such form as Juno's self might choose,
Nor yet the martial maid refuse;
Though that th' ætherial sceptre sways,
And this the shining shield displays:
Nor yet the Cyprian queen disdain,
But, to reseek the Phrygian swain
And cause of beauty redecide

THE EPITHALAMIUM

In shady vale of flowering Ide,
How sure to gain the golden prize, —
Though judged by less discerning eyes, —
She, in that matchless form arrayed:
Thrice happy youth! thrice happy maid!

Thrice happy maid, supremely blest,
Of every wish in one possest!
To thee, on wings of love and truth,
Comes, all devote, the raptured youth,
Thy bending neck with eager hold,
Thy waist impatient to enfold,
While, for that hair of easy flow,
While, for that breast of virgin snow,
While, for that lip of rosy dye,
While, for that sweetly-speaking eye,
With silent passion he expires
And burns with still-consuming fires,
Now Phœbus, slow to quit the skies,
Now loitering Phœbus, slow to rise,
Persists alternate to upbraid!
Thrice happy youth! thrice happy maid!

THE EPITHALAMIUM

Spare, youth, your vows, vain offerings spare:
Forbear your needless sighs, forbear:
Lo! Time, in ever-varying race,
Brings on at last the wished-for space.
Mild Venus, with propitious ears,
The sorrows of her votaries hears;
While Cynthius, down the western steeps,
Low plunges in Iberian deeps,
And quits the ample fields of air
To his night-wandering sister's care:
Than whom no light more grateful shines
To souls which mutual love conjoins;
Not he that leads the stars along,
Brightest of all the glittering throng,
Hesper, with golden torch displayed:
Thrice happy youth! thrice happy maid!

See where the maid all panting lies,
Ah! never more a maid to rise,
And longs, yet trembles at thy tread,
Her cheeks perfused with decent red,
Expressing-half her inward flame,

Half-springing from ingenuous shame:
Tears from her eyes perhaps may steal,
Her joys the better to conceal;
Then sighs, with grief unreal fraught,
Then follow plaints of wrongs unthought.
But cease not thou, with idle fears,
For all her plaints, or sighs, or tears:
Kissed be the tears from off her eyes;
With tender murmurs stopped, her sighs;
With soothings soft her plaints allayed:
Thrice happy youth! thrice happy maid!

The maid, in decent order placed,
With every bridal honour graced,
Through all her limbs begin to spread
The glowings of the genial bed
And languid sleep dispose to take,
Did not the youth, more watchful, wake;
And the mild queen of fierce desire
With warmth, not disproportioned, fire.
Taught hence, nor purpled kings to prize,
Nor sceptred Jove that rules the skies.

Soon for soft combats he prepares,
And gentle toils of amorous wars:
Declared, but with no loud alarms,
Begun, but with no dreaded arms:
Kisses, which, wanton as he strays,
He darts a thousand wanton ways
At mouth, or neck, or eyes, or cheeks;
Him humbly she full oft bespeaks,
Entreats, an helpless maid to spare,
And begs with trembling voice, "Forbear;"
Full oft his rudeness loudly blames;
His boundless insolence proclaims;
His lips with lips averse withstands;
With hands restrains his roving hands:
Resistance sweet, delicious fight:
O night! O doubly happy night!

Contention obstinate succeeds;
The tender Loves contention feeds.
By that, redoubled ardour burns;
By that, redoubled strength returns.
Now o'er her neck take nimble flight,

Her breast, as spotless ivory white,
Her waist of gradual rising charms,
Soft-moulded legs, smooth-polished arms;
Search all the tracts, in curious sport,
Conductive to the Cyprian court;
Through all the dark recesses go,
And all the shady coverts know:
To this, unnumbered kisses join,
Unnumbered as the stars that shine,
Commingling rays of blended light:
O night! O doubly happy night!

Then, spare no blandishments of love:
Sounds that with softening flattery move:
Sighs that with soothing murmur please:
The injured virgin to appease:
Such, as when Zephyr fans the grove,
Or coos the amorous billing dove,
Or sings the swan with tuneful breath,
Conscious of near approaching death:
Till, pierced by Cupid's powerful dart,
As by degrees relents her heart,

THE EPITHALAMIUM

The virgin, less and less severe,
Quits by degrees her stubborn fear;
Now, on your arms her neck reclines,
Now, with your arms her neck entwines,
As love's resistless flames incite:
O night! O doubly happy night!

Sweet kisses shall reward your pains,
Kisses which no rude rapine stains,
From lips on swelling lips that swell,
From lips on dwelling lips that dwell,
That play return with equal play,
That bliss with equal bliss repay,
That vital stores from either heart,
Imbibing, soul for soul impart;
Till now the maid, adventurous grown,
Attempts new frolics of her own;
Now suffers, strangers to the way,
Her far more daring hands to stray;
Now sports far more salacious seeks;
Now words far more licentious speaks,

Words that past sufferings well requite:
O night! O doubly happy night!

To arms! to arms! now Cupid sounds;
Now is the time for grateful wounds:
Here Venus waves the nimble spear,
Venus is warlike goddess here.
Here, not thy sister, Mars, presides;
Thy mistress in those conflicts prides
While close engage the struggling foes,
And restless, breast to breast oppose;
While eager this disputes the field,
And that alike disdains to yield,
Till lo! in breathless transports tost,
Till, in resistless raptures lost,
Their limbs with liquid dews distill,
Their hearts with pleasing horrors thrill
And faint away in wild delight:
O night! O doubly happy night!

O may you oft these sports renew,
And through long days and nights pursue;

THE EPITHALAMIUM

With many an early moon begun,
Prolonged to many a setting sun.
May a fair offspring crown your joys,
Of prattling girls and smiling boys;
And yet another offspring rise,
Sweet objects to parental eyes,
The cares assiduous to assuage
That still solicit querulous age;
Careful your trembling limbs to stay,
That fail with unperceived decay;
Pious, when summoned hence you go,
The last kind office to bestow,
Office, with unfeigned sorrow paid:
Thrice happy youth! thrice happy maid!

FRAGMENTS



SOME

Fragments and Poetical Pieces

ON THE

KISS

A FRAGMENT

To LYDIA

LOVELY Lydia, lovely maid!
Either rose in thee's display'd;
Roses of a blushing red
O er thy lips, and cheeks are shed;
Roses of a paly hue
In thy fairer charms we view.
Now thy braided hair unbind;
Now, luxuriant, unconfin'd,
Let thy wavy tresses flow;
Tresses bright, of burnish'd glow!
Bare thy iv'ry neck, my fair!
Now thy snowy shoulders bare:

A FRAGMENT

Bid the vivid lustre rise
In thy passion-streaming eyes;
See, the lucent meteors gleam!
See, they speak the wishful flame!
And how gracefully above,
Modell'd from the bow of love,
Are thy arching brows display'd,
Soft'ning in a sable shade!
Let a warmer crimson streak
The velvet of thy downy cheek:
Let thy lips, that breathe perfume,
Deeper purple now assume:
Give me little billing kisses,
Intermixt with murm'ring blisses.
Soft, my love! — my angel, stay! —
Soft! — you suck my breath away,
Drink the life-drops of my heart,
Draw my soul from ev'ry part;
Scarce my senses can sustain
So much pleasure, so much pain!
Hide thy broad, voluptuous breast!
Hide that balmy heav'n of rest!

A FRAGMENT

See, to feast th enamour'd eyes,
How the snowy hillocks rise!
Parted by the luscious vale,
Whence luxurious sweets exhale:
Nature fram'd thee but t' inspire
Never-ending, fond desire!
Again, above its envious vest,
See, thy bosom heaves confest!
Hide the rapt'rous, dear delight!
Hide it from my ravish'd sight!
Hide it! — for thro' all my soul
Tides of madd'ning transport roll:
Venting now th' impassion'd sigh,
See me languish, see me die!
Tear not from me then thy charms!
Snatch, oh, snatch me to thy arms!
With a life-inspiring kiss,
Wake my sinking soul to bliss!

ON LESBIA


HEN beauteous Lesbia fires my melting soul,
(She, who the torch and bow from Cupid stole,)
By many a smile, by many an ardent kiss;
And with her teeth imprints the tell-tale bliss:
Thro' all my frame the madding transport glows,
Thro' ev'ry vein the tide of rapture flows.
As many stars as o'er Heav'n's concave shine,
Or clusters as adorn the fruitful vine;
So many blandishments, voluptuous joys,
T' inflame my breast, the wily maid employs.
But, dearest Lesbia! gentle mistress! say,
Why thus d'ye wound my lips in am'rous play?
With kisses, smiles, and ev'ry wanton art,
Why raise the burning fever of my heart?
Let us, my love! on yon soft couch reclin'd,
Each other's arms around each other twin'd,
Yield to the pleasing force of strong desire;
And, panting, struggling, both at once expire!
For, oh, my Lesbia! sure that death is sweet,
Which lovers in the fond contention meet!

KISS XVI OF BONEFONIUS



LASP'D, sweet maid! in thy embrace;
While I view thy smiling face,
And the sweets with rapture sip,
Flowing from thy honied lip;
Then I taste, in heav'nly state,
All that's happy, all that's great:

But, when you forsake my arms,
And displeasure clouds your charms;
Sudden I, who prov'd so late
All that's happy, all that's great,
Prove the tortures of a ghost,
Wand'ring on the Stygian coast.

THE PASTIME OF VENUS



NTENT to frame some new design of bliss,
The wanton Cyprian queen compos'd a kiss:
An ample portion of ambrosial juice
With mystic skill she temper'd first for use;
This done, her infant work was well bedew'd
With choicest nectar; and o'er all she strew'd
Part of the honey which sly Cupid stole,
Much to his cost, and blended with the whole;
Then, that soft scent which from the vi'let flows
She mixt, with spoils of many a vernal rose;
Each gentle blandishment in love we find,
Each graceful winning gesture next she join'd;
And all those joys that in her zone abound
Made up the kiss, and the rich labour crown'd.
Consid'ring now what beauteous nymph might prove
Worthy the gift, and worthy of her love;
She fixt on Chloe, as her fav'rite maid;
To whom the goddess sweetly-smiling said:
"Take this, my fair! to perfect ev'ry grace;
And on thy lips the fragrant blessing place."

MUTUAL KISSING



HEN o'er the virgin cheek we meet
Health's tender-blooming roses spread;
To kiss those roses may be sweet,
To kiss them on their native bed!

Full well experienc'd lovers know,
And chief the few who blissful burn,
That kiss is lifeless we bestow
On charms that yield no kind return:

But sure those kisses breathe delight,
Where love the sweetly-vengeful dart
Exchanges, while fond lips unite,
Lips echoing-soft as kisses part!

When one warm wish enflames the pair,
Not less endearing kisses prove;
Each gives, each takes an equal share;
Sweet interchange of sweetest love!

MUTUAL KISSING

Kiss the dear lip, the swelling breast,
The snow-white hand, the forehead kiss;
'Tis by the lip the joy's exprest,
'Tis the kind lip repays the bliss.

When lovers' lips in transport join,
Their souls to share that transport fly;
And, as their mingling breaths combine,
The purple gems with life supply:

Then each inspired kiss imparts,
In sounds half-utter'd, half-suppress,
The tender secrets of their hearts,
Secrets to lips alone confest!

Where soul is thus with soul entwin'd,
The living rapture is improv'd;
'Tis rapture of the sweetest kind,
To kiss when kiss'd, to love when lov'd!

ON A KISS



H! canst thou, cruel nymph! suppose
One kiss rewards thy am'rous youth;
Enough rewards his tender woes;
His long, long constancy; and truth?

Think not thy promis'd kindness paid
By simple kissing; — for the kiss
Is but an earnest, beauteous maid!
Of more substantial, future bliss:

Sweet kisses only were design'd
Our warmer raptures to improve;
Kisses were meant soft vows to bind,
Were silent pledges meant of love.

CUPID STRAYED

DES beauteous queen; — thy son, they say,
Thy wanton son! is gone astray: —
Nay, Venus, more; — 'tis said, from thee
A kiss the sweet reward shall be
To any swain, who truly tells
Where 'tis the little Wand'rer dwells:
Then grieve no more, nor drop a tear;
For know the little urchin's here;
He, from the search of vulgar eyes,
Conceal'd within my bosom lies.
Now, goddess, as I've told thee this;
Give me, oh, give the promis'd kiss!

HYMN TO THE KISS

Translated

I



CHOICEST gift of heav'nly kind!
O, sacred source of joy refin'd!
Thou latent spring, whose vast control
Extends throughout the boundless whole!
Attraction strong! all-powerful cause,
Enforcing Nature's hidden laws!
Thou magic lightning, that canst burn
What-e'er you touch, where-e'er you turn!
Touch but the lips, and you dispense
The brisk alarm thro' ev'ry sense:
Come, hover round my tuneful lyre,
And ev'ry swelling note inspire;
So shall the warmth my strains express
Thy rapture-giving pow'r confess.

HYMN TO THE KISS

II

To those, who own your gentle sway,
You darts of pleasing flame convey;
Your kindling sparks, that ne'er can die,
Blind Cupid's burning torch supply:
How dull the spring of life wou'd prove,
Without the kiss that waits on love!
Youth first to thee its homage pays,
Becomes enlighten'd from thy rays;
And, hast'ning by your fost'ring fires
The birth of all the gay desires,
From youthful lips you soon receive
The richest harvests lips can give.

III

Far from the world's more glaring eye,
What crowds of wretched beings lie;
Who seem in dull oblivion doom'd
For ever to remain entomb'd!
To them no zephyr's balmy wing

Refreshing gales, or sweets can bring;
No rip'ning crops of golden grain
For them adorn the waving plain:
Yet, thy persuasive magic binds
To this terrestrial orb their minds;
And bids them, in their gloomy state,
Smile, nor regret their piteous fate.

IV

The flow'rs, that in yon meadow grow,
To thee their bloom, their fragrance owe
The blossom'd shrubs, in gaudy dress,
Thy genial warmth, thy pow'r confess;
The stream, that winds along the grove,
And courts the shore with waves of love,
Is taught by thee the fond embrace,
By thee is taught each rural grace:
On gently-parted lips, say, why
Is plac'd the rose's beauteous dye?
Because, on that soft seat of bliss
Abides the rosy-breathing kiss.

HYMN TO THE KISS

V

Let rigid scruple furl her brow,
And blame the comforts you bestow:
The sage, the hero, thee obey;
Nay, legislators own thy sway.
See, threat'ning Cæsar mounts his car,
To join th' embattled sons of war;
Swift from the capitol he flies,
And ev'ry hostile warrior dies:
But soon he quits the bleeding plain,
With transport hugs fair beauty's chain,
And, e'en beneath his laurel's shade,
Caresses many a Roman maid.

VI

Could Mahomet, whose dauntless soul
Superior rose to all control,
Whose breast was fir'd with hope sublime,
Who thought that ignorance and crime
Were destin'd o'er this globe t' have reign'd;

Could that stern victor have sustain'd
The harsh, fatiguing toil of arms;
Had not his houris' soothing charms,
And tender kisses, lull'd to rest
The martial tumults of his breast;
If the seraglio of this earth
Had not to those sweet joys giv'n birth,
Which, in the paradise of love,
The prophet hop'd to taste above?

VII

But tow'ring domes, that strike the eyes
With outward grandeur, you despise;
There stormy passions govern sense,
And banish tender feelings thence.
Say, couldst thou well-contented lie
On lips with shrivell'd coldness dry,
On lips, that no bright purple wear!
But pal'd by sickness, or by care?
The gilded ceilings, beds of state,
The gaudy chambers of the great,

Th' embroider'd cushions they display,
Must fright the gentle kiss away.

VIII

Fly to the rural, shadowy dells:
There peace in calm retirement dwells;
And, underneath the beech's shade,
Thy am'rous secrets are display'd;
There, on the hay-mow, or the grass,
Sport the fond youth, and fonder lass;
There, unconstrain'd in frolic play,
A kiss they lend, a kiss repay;
Pleasures so num'rous round them flow,
Envy can ne'er the number know;
Nor are the lips' sweet joys deny'd
By prudes, affecting virtuous pride.

IX

Tho' tempted hence your flight to take,
My humble mansion ne'er forsake;

To you if constant I remain,
Let kindness recompense my pain!
Around my youth fresh flow'rets shed,
Till age shall silver o'er my head;
Then softly fan my drooping fires,
And wake the half-extinct desires:
So mayst thou, in thy wand'rings, meet
Young innocence, who smiles so sweet!
And may she all-submissive prove,
To thee, the guiltless guest of love!

X

So may the nymph of gay fifteen,
By strict maternal eyes unseen,
To some sequester'd grove retire;
There, reading, nurse her infant fire;
Free from a parent's stern control,
Explore her newly-op'ning soul;
And riot o'er my am'rous page,
Soft-yielding to voluptuous rage!

HYMN TO THE KISS

So may sweet dreams of rapt'rous joy
Her pleasing slumbers oft employ;
Till many a fond, illusive kiss
Shall almost realise the bliss!

A

KISS

AFTER THE MANNER OF

SECUNDUS

To CYNTHIA

THE transient season let's improve,
That human life allots to love:
Youth soon, my Cynthia! flies away,
And age assumes its frozen sway;
With elegance and neatness drest,
Come, then, in beauty's bloom con-
fest,
And in my fond embrace be blest!

Faint strugglings but inflame desire,
And serve to fan the lover's fire:
Then yield not all at once your charms,
But with reluctance fill my arms;

A KISS

My arms! that shall with eager haste
Encircle now your slender waist,
Now round your neck be careless hung,
And now o'er all your frame be flung:
About your limbs my limbs I'll twine,
And lay your glowing cheek to mine:
Close to my broader, manlier chest
I'll press thy firm, proud-swelling breast;
Now rising high, now falling low;
As passion's tide shall ebb, or flow:
My murm'ring tongue shall speak my bliss,
Shall court your yielding lips to kiss;
Each kiss with thousands I'll repay,
And almost suck your breath away;
A thousand more you then shall give,
And then a thousand more receive:
In transport half-dissolv'd we'll lie,
Venting our wishes in a sigh!

Quick-starting from me, now display
Your loose, and discompos'd array:
Your hair shall o'er your polish'd brow

A KISS

In sweetly-wild disorder flow;
And those long tresses from behind,
You us'd in artful braids to bind,
Shall down your snowy bosom spread
Redundant, in a soften'd shade;
And from your wishful eyes shall stream
The dewy light of passion's flame:
While now and then a look shall glance;
Your senses lost in am'rous trance;
That fain my rudeness wou'd reprove,
Yet plainly tells how strong your love:
The roses, height'ning on your cheek,
Shall the fierce tide of rapture speak;
And on your lips a warmer glow
The deepen'd ruby then shall show:
Your breast, replete with youthful fire,
Shall heave with tumults of desire;
Shall heave at thoughts of wish'd-for bliss,
Springing as tho' 'twould meet my kiss:
Down on that heav'n I'll sink quite spent,
And lie in tender languishment;
But soon your charms' reviving pow'r

A KISS

Shall to my frame new life restore:
With love I'll then my pains assuage;
With kisses cool my wanton rage;
Hang o'er thy beauties till I cloy;
Then cease, and then renew my joy!

FINIS



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